

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

THE MISANTHROPE'S WISH.

By ROSE ELWOOD.

Oh give me a home in some sylvan retreat,
Where the wild flowers spring up for a carpet so sweet;
Where bright birds in branches of evergreens sing,
And the deer and gazelle over underbrush spring.
Where all kinds of sweet fruits are tempting the sight,
And the moon softly lingers through the star spangled night;
Where sweet-scented zephyrs blow soft through the green,
And breathe to the flowers the sweet tale of their love.
While the bright summer sun rode in majesty by,
I'd have for covering the bright azure sky;
And when winter's cold blasts came chill o'er my frame,
I'd build me a hut in this fairy-like realm.
In this place I would live, each day loving it more,
With no envy to tempt my ambition to soar;
No dome but the trees waving over my head,
And bright birds to mourn for me when I am dead.
Bridgeport July 31st, 1855.

BE KIND.

By ROSE ELWOOD.

Be kind to the stranger who comes to thy land,
From a foreign and far distant shore;
For he's lonely and sad, without even one kind friend
And his own kindred he'll never see more.
Be kind to the stranger, and cheer his lone hours,
And think that may'st yet far distant be,
Thy way to a foreign and far distant shore,
Without even a single kind friend!
Be kind to the beggar who asks alms of thee,
Nor drive him so rude from thy door;
For once he was happy and wealthy as thou,
Though now he's so wretchedly poor.
Be kind to the beggar, for he has a heart,
And feelings as tender as thine;
And poverty's chains which now hold him so fast
May some time around thee close bind.
Bridgeport July 16th, 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

It is a good thing to have an old-fashioned fire-place in the country; a broad-breasted, deep-chested chimney-piece, with its old-fashioned fender, its old-fashioned andirons, its old-fashioned shovel and tongs, and a goodly show of cheery-red hickory, in a glow with its volume of blue smoke curling up the thoracic duct. Ah! Mrs. Sparrowgrass, what would the country be without a chimney corner and a hearth! Do you know," said I, "the little fairies dance upon the hearth-stone when an heir is born in a house!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she did not know it, but she said she wanted me to stop talking about such things. "And the cricket!" said I, "how cheerful its carol over the approach of winter." Mrs. S. said the sound of a cricket made her feel melancholy. "And the altar and the hearth-stone: symbols of religion and of home! Before one the bride—beside the other the wife! No wonder, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, they are sacred things; that mankind have every held them inviolable, and preserved them from sacrilege, in all times, and in all countries. Do you know," said I, "how dear this hearth is to me!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, with hickory wood at eight dollars a cord, it did not surprise her to hear me grumble. "If wood were twenty dollars a cord I would not complain. Here we have everything—

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, looks, ease and alternate labor, useful life!"
"And as I sit before our household altar," said I, placing my hand upon the mantel, "with you beside me, Mrs. S., I feel that all the beautiful fables of poets are only truths in parables when they relate to the hearth-stone—the heart-stone I may say of home!"
"This fine sentiment did not move Mrs. Sparrowgrass a whit. She said she was sleepy. After all, I begin to believe sentiment is a poor thing in the country. It does very well in books, and on the stage, but it will not answer for the rural districts. The country is too genuine and honest for it. It is a pretty affectation, only fit for artificial life. Mrs. Sparrowgrass may wear it with her rouge and diamonds in a drawing room, but it will not pass current here; any more than the simulated flush of her cheeks can compare with that painted in those of a rustic beauty by the sun and air."

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "let us have some nuts and apples, and a pitcher of Binghamton cider; we have a good cheerful fire to-night, and why should we not enjoy it?"
When Mrs. Sparrowgrass returned from giving directions about the fruit and cider, she brought with her a square paper box full of garden seed. To get good garden seed is an important thing in the country. If you

depend upon an agricultural warehouse you may be disappointed. The way to do is, to select the best specimens from your own raising; then you are sure they are fresh, at least. Mrs. Sparrowgrass opened the box. First she took out a package of seeds, wrapped up in a newspaper—then she took out another package tied up in brown paper—then she drew forth a bundle that was pinned up—then another that was taped up—then another twisted up—then came a burst package of watermelon seeds—then a withered ear of corn—then another package of watermelon seeds from another melon—then a handful of split okra pods—then handful of beans, peas, squash seeds, melon seeds, cucumber seeds, sweet corn, ever-green corn, and other germs. Then another burst package of watermelon seeds. There were watermelon seeds enough to keep half the country supplied with this refreshing article of luxury. As the treasures were spread out on the table, there came over me a feeling that reminded me of Christmas times, when the young ones used to pant down stairs, before dawn, lamp in hand, to see the kindly foot-prints of Santa Claus. Then the Mental Gardener, taking Anticipation by the hand, went forth into the future garden; the peas sprouted out in round leaves, tomato put forth his aromatic spread; sweet corn thrust his green blades out of many a hillcock; lettuce threw up his slender spouts; beans shouldered their way into the world, like Eneas, with the old beans on their backs; and water melon and cucumber, in voluptuous play, sported over the beds like trustful school boys.

"Here are sweet peas on tip-top for a fight: With wings of gentle flush over delicate white. And taper fingers clutch at all things green. To bind them all about with tiny rings!"
"Now," said I, "Mrs. Sparrowgrass, let us arrange these in proper order; I will make a chart of the garden on a piece of paper, and put everything down with a date, to be planted in its proper time." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she thought that an excellent plan. "Yes," I replied, tasting the cider, "we will make a garden to-night on paper, a ground plan, as it were, and plant from that; now, Mrs. S., read off the different packages." Mrs. Sparrowgrass took up a paper and laid it aside, then another, and laid it aside. "I think," said she, as the third paper was placed upon the table, "I do not write any names on the seeds, but I believe I can tell them apart; these," said she, "are water-melons." "Very well, what next?" "The next," said Mrs. S., "is either musk-melon or cucumber seed."

"My dear," said I, "we want plenty of melons, for the summer, but I do not wish to plant half an acre of pickles by mistake; can't you be sure about the matter?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she could not. "Well," then, lay the paper down and call off the next." "The next are radishes, I know," said Mrs. S.; "they must be summer cabbages." "Are you sure now, Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, getting a little out of temper. Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she was sure of it, because cabbage seed looked exactly like turnip seed. "Did you save turnip seed also," said I. Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she had provided some, but they must be in another paper. "Then call off the next," said I. "Here is a name," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, brightening up. "Read it," said I, pen in hand. "Water-melon—not so good," said Mrs. S. "Corn," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a smile. "Variety!" "Pop, I am sure," said Mrs. S. "We begin to see daylight," "Squash," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "Lay that paper aside, my dear," "Tomato," "Red or yellow?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she had pinned up the one and tied up the other, to distinguish them, but it was so long ago, she had forgotten which was which. "Never mind," said I, "there is one comfort, they cannot bear without showing their colors." "Now for the next," Mrs. Sparrowgrass said upon tasting the tomato seed, she was sure they were bell-peppers. "Very well, so much is gained, we are sure of the capsicum. The next," Beans," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

"There is one kind of bean, in regard to which I have a prejudice. I allude to the asparagus bean, a sort of long-winded eucalypt, inclined to be prolific in strings. It does not climb very high on the pole, crops out in an abundance of pods, usually not shorter than a bill of extras, after a contract; and although interesting as a curious vegetable, still not exactly the bean likely to be highly commended by your city guests, when served up to them at table. When Mrs. Sparrowgrass, in answer to my question, as to the particular species of bean referred to, answered, "Limas," I felt relief at once. "Put the Limas to the right with the sheep, Mrs. S., and as for the rest of the seeds, sweep them into the refuse basket. I will add another stick to the fire, pour an apple for you, and an apple for me, light a cigar, and be comfortable. What is the use of fretting about a few seeds more or less? But, next year, we will make all the packages with names, to prevent mistakes, won't we, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?"

"There has been a great change in the atmosphere within a few days. The maple twigs are all scarlet and yellow fringes, the sod is verdurous and moist; in the morning a shower of melody falls from the trees around us, where blue birds and 'peewees' are keeping an academy of music. Off on the river there is a long perspective of shadows, apparently stretching from shore to shore, and here and there, a boat, with picturesque fishermen, at work over the gill-nets. Now and then a shadow is held up; in the distance it has a star-like glitter, against the early morning sun. The fruit-trees bronzed like valuetudinarians too early in the season at a watering-place. The marshes are all a-whistle with dissipated bull-frogs, who keep up their revelry at unseasonably hours. Our great Poland is in high cluck, and we find eggs in the hens' nests. It is strange! It is a good thing to have spring in the country. People grow young again in the spring in the country. The world, the old globe

itself, grows young in the spring, and why not Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass? The city, in the spring, is like the apples of Sodom, "fair and pleasant to behold, but dust and ashes within." But who shall sing or say what spring is in the country?

"To what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and might else can share it.
The thought there is a wail, sweet, and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly."

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "the weather is beginning to be very warm and spring-like; how would you like to have a little festa?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said that, in her present frame of mind, a festa was not necessary for her happiness. I replied, "I meant a festa, not a festa; a little festa, a few friends, a few flowers, a mild sort of spring dinner, if you please; some music, claret, fresh lettuce, lamb and spinach, and a breakfast of eggs fresh laid in the morning, with rice cakes and coffee." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she was willing. "Then," said I, "Mrs. S., I will invite a few friends, and we will have an elegant time." So from that day we watched the sky very cleverly for a week, to ascertain the probable course of the clouds, and consulted the thermometer to know what chance there was of having open windows for the occasion. The only drawback that stood in the way of perfect enjoyment was, our lawn had been half rooted out of existence by an intrusion of predatory pigs. It was vexatious enough to see our lawn bottom-side up on a festive occasion. But I determined to have redress for it. Upon consulting with the best legal authority in the village, I was told that I could obtain damages by identifying the animals, and commencing suit against the owner. As I had not seen the animals, I asked Mrs. Sparrowgrass if she could identify them. She said she could not. "Then," said I to my legal friend, "what can I do?" He replied that he did not know. "Do," said I, "if they come again, and I catch them in the act, can I fire a gun among them?" He said I could; but that I would be liable for whatever damage was done there. "Then," said I, "it would not be better; my object is to make the owner suffer, not the poor quadrupeds." He replied that the only sufferers would probably be the pigs and myself. Then I asked him, if the owner recovered against me, whether I could bring a replevin suit against him. He said that, under the Constitution of the United States, such a suit could be brought. I asked him if I could recover. He said I could not. Then I asked him what remedy I could have. He answered that if I found the pigs on my grounds, I could drive them to the pound, then call upon the fence viewers, get them to assess the damages done, and by this means mulct the owner for the trespass. This advice pleased me highly; it was practical and humane.

Determined to act upon it, and sleep soundly upon the resolution. The next day our guests came up from town. I explained the law to them, and having been fortified on legal points, instructed them as to remedy for trespass. The day was warm and beautiful; our doors and windows were thrown wide open. By way of offset to the appearance of the lawn, I had contrived, by purchasing an expensive little bison of a vase, and filling it with sweet breathing flowers, to spread a rural air of fragrance throughout the parlor. The door of the bay-window open on the piazza, in one doorway stood a tray of delicate confections, upon two slender quartette tables. These were put in the shade to keep cool. I had suborned an Italian to bring them up hand, in pristine sharpness and beauty of outline. I was taking a glass of sherry with our old friend Capt. Bacon, of the U. S. Navy, when suddenly our dogs commenced barking. We kept our dogs chained up by daylight. Looking over my glass of sherry, I observed a detachment of the most villainous looking pigs rooting up my early pea patch. "Now," said I, "Captain," putting down my glass deliberately, "I will show you some fun, excuse me for a few minutes," and with that I bowed significantly to our guests. They understood at once that etiquette must give way when the pea-patch was about being annihilated. I then went out, unchained the dogs, and commenced driving the pigs out of the garden. After considerable tramping of all my early vegetables, under the eyes of my guests, I managed to get the ringleader of the swinish multitude into my parlor. He was a large, powerful looking fellow, with a great deal of comb, long legs, mottled complexion, and ears pretty well dogged. He stood for a moment at bay against the sofa, then charged upon the dogs, ran against the centre table, which he accidentally upset, got headed off by Captain Bacon, who came to the rescue, darted under our quartette tables, making a general distribution of confectionery, and finally got cornered in the piazza.

By this time I was so much exasperated that I was capable of taking the life of the intruder, and probably should have done so had my gun not been at the gunsmith's. In striking at him with a stick, I accidentally hit one of the dogs such a blow as to disable him. But I was determined to capture the destroyer and put him in the pound. After some difficulty in getting him out of the piazza, I drove him into the library and finally out in the ground. The rest of his confederates were there, quietly feeding on the remains of the garden. Finally I found myself on the hot, high road, with all my captives and one dog, in search of the pound. Not knowing where the pound was, after driving them for a quarter of a mile, I made inquiry of a respectable looking man, whom I met in corduroy breeches, on the road. He informed me that he did not know. I then fell in with a colored boy who told me the only pound was at Dobb's Ferry. Dobb's Ferry is a thriving village about seven miles north of the Nepperhan. I made a bargain with the colored boy for three dollars, and by his assistance the animals were safely lodged in the pound. By this means I was enabled to return to my guests. Next day I found out the owner. I got the fence-viewers to estimate the damages.

The fence-viewers looked at the broken mahogany and estimated. I spoke of the

vase, the flowers, [green-house flowers] and the confectionery. These did not appear to strike them as damnable. I think the fence viewers are not liberal enough in their views. The damages done to a man's temper and constitution shall be included, if ever I get to be fence-viewer; to say nothing of exotics trampled under foot, and a beautiful dessert ruthlessly destroyed by unclean animals! Besides that, we shall not have a pea until everybody else in the village has done with peas. We shall be late in the season with our early peas. At last an advertisement appeared in the county paper, which contained the decision of the fence-viewers, to wit: WATERMELON COUNTY, ss.
Town of York, ss.
We, the subscribers, fence-viewers of said town, having been appointed by Samuel Sparrowgrass of said town to appraise the damages done by nine hogs, five wintered, (four spotted and one white), and four spring pigs, (two white) destroyed by him doing damage on his lands and having been to the place, and viewed and ascertained the damages, do hereby certify the amount thereof to be three dollars, and that the fees for our services are two dollars. Given under our hands, this --- day of ---, 1855.

DANIEL MALMSEY,
PETER ASMANNHAEUSER,
FENCE-VIEWERS.
The above hogs are in the Pound at Dobb's Ferry, CORNELIUS CORCORAN, Pound Master.

"Under the circumstances," said I, "Mrs. Sparrowgrass, what do you think of the pound as a legal remedy?" Mrs. S. said it was shameful. "So I think, too; but why should we repine! the birds sing, the sky is blue, the grass is green up, the trees are full of leaves, the air is balmy, and the children, God bless them! are happy. Why should we repine about trifles! If we want early peas we can buy them, and as for the vase, flowers and confectionery, they would have been all over with, by this time, if the pigs had not been here. There is no use to cry like Alexander, for another world; let us enjoy the one we have, Mrs. Sparrowgrass."

THE MORMON QUESTION.

SHALL WE ADMIT INTO THE UNION AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN AND BARBAROUS STATE!

This is a question that must be determined without further delay. We have trifled with the serious affair of Utah Territory until it has grown monstrous, and can be trifled with no longer; and it is incumbent upon us seriously to determine what we will do to prevent that fearful consummation of an evil we have encouraged by neglect, if not by positive countenance and support.
Our readers are familiar with the history of the Mormon imposture. They know the story of Joseph Smith and the golden Bible; of the organization of the fanatical and licentious vagabonds that gathered around the impostor; the attempt to establish a military despotism over them, and wield an imperium in imperio in Missouri and Illinois; of the robberies, murders, and domestic strife that ensued, and the expulsion of the intolerable gang beyond the limits of civilization. We need not relate the disgusting history of the social life of these people. If ever there was a religion devoted for the kingdom of hell on earth, Mormonism is that religion. It is a religion which restrains nothing but virtue, encourages nothing but vice. It uses the tremendous sanction of the Holy Name to tear down all defences from innocence, to destroy whatever may remain of conscience, to give free rein to riotous lust, and to complete man in the image of the devil. The world has before experienced, in many instances, the wickedness of nations who forget God, in one the frightful abandonment of a nation who defend God; but in the Mormons we are witnessing, and with witness, the horrible depravity of a people who blaspheme the purity of God, by proclaiming him the instigator and rewarder of their abominations—the special patron of their purities. Wickedness has an energy in it which is terrible. The lawless lust of men, under the full impulse of the diabolical affections, are unexpressedly dreadful. Every day we see the frightful destruction, the intolerable misery, which can be accomplished by the instrumentality of a single individual moved by a power like this. The Mormons are yet to exhibit to us the horrible works of an armed nation of such men, sweeping in a furious and unrestrained license over a wide and defenceless country.

We do not apprehend that their march will be toward our own frontiers. The leaders of the Mormons are neither ignorant nor fanatical, they are merely wicked and daring. In a contest with the people of the United States they would be swept away as chaff before the wind. The first murder committed by their invading force would be the signal for the extermination of the whole gang; they would be destroyed with as little compassion as a nest of hornets. The Mormons know this well enough. But to the south-west of us spreads out a wide and fertile, yet unpopulated country, temptingly inviting the spoiler. A mixed race of people, which seems to have inherited both the weaker points of both progenitors, occupies Mexico and Central America. Without intellectual cultivation, or religious elevation, indolent from the combined action of bad government, climate, hereditary constitution, and debilitated civilization; unwarlike, disinclined; they are thinly scattered over a country singularly uncompact, and defenceless by a central core and disciplined force, acting upon a common principle of selfishness, with just fanaticism enough to sanctify their ferocity, would be a helpless prey to brutality and avarice. Here might be established a power, entrenched in the natural fastnesses of so defensible a country, which would invite to itself the able-bodied wickedness of Europe and America. That such a power would grow by vast accessions of adventurers, as is certain as that hordes have followed Attila and Alaric. All Central and South America would be before them; hordes after hordes would pour over these devoted lands, and a vast military domination, resting upon and defending a moral condition and social state vastly worse than Mohammedanism, would

be established from California to Cape Horn. Let no one suppose that the absurdity of their creed and the grossness of their immorality will prove a sufficient preventive to their expansion. Absurdity is not necessarily disagreeable. If it involves practical advantages, it will be accepted with eagerness. Let a Christian minister and a Mormon missionary stand side by side, and compete for disciples among the workmen of Manchester, or the rabble of Paris; let the one preach repentance, the other emigration; the one exhort to self-denial, the other proffer unrestricted license; the one promise heaven, the other a free farm on the prairies, and the eternity of sensuality hereafter, and there can be no doubt which would be the most successful. As to the immorality of the Mormons, so far from repelling men, it is the most powerful attraction to them. Any religious show, which offers indulgence to vice and impunity to sin, will be considered very reasonable. If, in addition, it secures a good living, with little toil, it will be exceedingly successful in winning proselytes. No scheme can be more ridiculous, more grossly shocking to common sense, than Mormonism; but none has been so successful. We do not know the numbers of those people, but they are numerous enough to send out and support several hundred missionary agents, all of whom are busily at work to procure emigrants to one chosen place of assemblage, where, covered from the public eye by distance and an interposing wilderness, they are maturing means and plans in entire secrecy.

The United States are nursing on their territories a brood of serpents, which will soon be too formidable to be crushed. We say nursing, for we have not only permitted them to occupy our land, but have countenanced them by actually appointing the chief of the tribe governor of the territory, and thus investing his denomination with the authority of our sovereignty, and one of their dirty clan has been permitted to sit in Congress. We have been entirely patient under their insults. We have permitted them to drive away our officers, and at this day they reign in undisputed sovereignty over a large and fertile territory of this Union, and are impudently invading the vagabonds of all countries to make their homes there. Most of these people are fugitives. It is impossible that they can have any loyalty to the American Union, and it is shameful that they should have ever been recognized as a lawful community.

But the Mormons will apply to the next Congress for admission into the Union. We are asked to take into the fellowship of the States a Mormon sovereignty; to admit to entire equality with us an assemblage of the worst men ever combined for evil; to complete which the very offal of Europe and American beastliness has been carefully scraped together. We are asked to take into a union of Christian states, another state, worse than heathenism; to bring into a confederacy of people united for the lawful purposes of life, a set of reckless conspirators against all social good; an armed band, strengthening themselves for plunder; a people among whom perjury, robbery, adultery, murder, and treason, are the fruits of faith; the violation of every commandment of God, compatible with a good conscience, and common decency, the most unbecoming of all accidents.

It is strange that any man, not himself a Mormon, can desire such a union as this. We are confederated for strength, but what strength will these abominable bring with them? Could we trust them in war, even if we had the battles to fight! We are confederated for counsel, for the interchange of feeling, for the expansion of civil and religious liberty; in short, for all great political and humane purposes. What advantage would an alliance with a mass of moral corruption be to us?

But it is said that we have no right to exclude them. That is, say this horde of ruffians from any quarter of the world may sit down upon our unoccupied lands, appropriate the inheritance of our children, establish themselves in opposition to all that we hold sacred, and after having grown numerous by attracting the floating blackguardism of the world, may demand to be recognized as a sovereign state, with full power to regulate its domestic concerns; nay, established polygamy, ordain "cyprian saints," trample American women to the utmost depth of degradation; in short, may outrage all decency before God and man, and we must yet call them brethren, and sit in counsel with them, own them before the world as our countrymen, and defend them against the insulted honour of mankind! This is sheer nonsense. The constitution of the United States gives Congress the right to admit new states; it does not require Congress to do it. It leaves it to the judgment and feelings of the country to determine whom we will admit into our partnership. No people have any right to be admitted into the Union; it is a valuable boon which we can grant or refuse at will.

The Christian religion is the acknowledged religion of this country. Our fathers did not make this article of the constitution. They would not have degraded the national faith in God by making it even apparent, dependent upon an instrument subject to change. They no more thought of recognizing God by statute, than they did the sun, or earth, the moon, or sky. The existence of the national faith was a truth upon which the constitution itself was to be maintained. Yes, by the fear of God men were to be sworn to keep it inviolate. In those days the man who would have questioned whether this was a Christian nation, would have been treated as a fool. He would at most have been pointed to the times of the date of the instrument, "in the year of our Lord," and asked the meaning of those words. As a Christian nation we can consent to take anti-Christian states into the Union! The object of the constitution, it is declared to be its purpose to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the

blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." When we can do these things by admitting a Mormon state, let us admit them, but not until then.

I will be well for us always to remember the precepts of Washington, and among them this passage of his farewell address:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness; these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public liberty. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice! And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric!"

If these things be so, Mormonism must be directly hostile to the institutions of this country, and if we have hitherto looked with indifference upon their attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric, we surely need not take these blasphemers of God and traitors to man into our political fellowship and social Union.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

HOME MEN.

Mr. Edward Bates, one of the most talented attorneys and wisest statesmen in the country, was solicited a short time ago to become a candidate for the U. S. Senate. But he declined the honor, and, in a letter to the committee said:

"My habits are retired and domestic, and all my sources of happiness are at home. Upon this we are indebted to the Episcopal Record, for some true and eloquent remarks. The editor says, 'Well for Mr. Bates that it was so, and well indeed for others.' Mark the difference between the home made character, and that which is made out of the doors! History with its coarse pen dwells, it is true, almost exclusively on the latter class; but in that great book in which the incidents of all real life are written, how predominant will be the former! The example of gentle tenderness at the first side—manly and yet delicate adherence to truth—of severe honesty in private business—when coupled with such eminent success as that of Mr. Bates, tells on the community far more efficiently than the dashing exploits of the General or the brilliant oratory of the Senator. Viewed either in a personal or a public light, the history of the home-made man stands in a bold relief.

"I have watched two races of politicians to the grave," said a late eminent Judge, and have seen nothing but vanity and wretchedness. It is the fashion, it is true, to sneer at the 'slow dullness of merely home life.' But it is by the freest and the practical genius—that genius which helps itself while helping others—takes its origin. Watt was watching the pot boil in the chimney when the action of the steam on the lid, brought home gradually to him the great discovery which immortalized his name. And this indeed, may be taken as an apt illustration of that wonderful influence which radiates from the centre table where the children are gathered together under the light of the astral lamp, and which leads to these signal discoveries by the young philosopher—how self-conquest are the greatest of all conquests—how loving the best way of loving self—and how the home made heart is the only heart which being independent of the world makes the world both its servant and its beneficiary. And then the home becomes the best preparation earth for heaven. The worldly man has no points—we speak with reverence—at which divine grace can reach him. Take away the object of his ambition, and he is soured; add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he only withers like the wounded snake. But the unsealing of the home heart by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the fountain of that love direct to Heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly parent in the face all the more clearly because of its chastisements. Sacred indeed then is that hearth fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguished embers serve to open the vision to the eternal glory of Heaven.

RAILROAD POETRY.—A correspondent of the Brooklyn Daily Republican describes his journey over the Syracuse and Birmingham Railroad, from Cortland, in the following poetical strains:
So much I rote in Cortland's bounds—
And would have finished the e, had not the down train's whistled loud resounding through the air. So shaking Parichild by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to every fear and jumped upon the train. Rushing round the hill side, darting o'er the plain, over the rivers under the roads, Van Bergen drove his train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small ripple crest, the river seemed a ribbon stretched across the meadow's breast; the evening winds came stealing through the car with gentle sigh, and brought a clinger from the engine spang into my eye; few and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed at my eye till I made it red, and knew 'twould be sore on the morrow. We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for retiring, and down from his post came the engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease with this, a moral to the tale—be always sure to "mind your eyes," when riding on a rail!

DEATH OF JUDGE DAVENPORT.—We have received intelligence of the death of Hon. John Davenport, at his residence, Woodfield, Monroe county, Ohio, on Wednesday last.

Judge Davenport had attained a good old age and few men have rendered themselves more useful in life than he. He was among the earlier settlers in Barnesville, and no one of the period of his location in Ohio, down to the time of his death, enjoyed to a greater degree the esteem of his fellow citizens. He was elected to the House of Assembly and the Senate of Ohio several times, in districts of opposing politics, and such was the confidence reposed in him by the people, that they returned him to Congress, twice in succession, by a large vote. He was also the second time appointed Judge of the Monroe Judicial District, by the Legislature of Ohio in which capacity he exhibited much ability. As a merchant he was extensive and favorably known throughout Ohio, and in Baltimore and Philadelphia as a man of integrity and truthfulness. Judge D. was a very benevolent and public spirited citizen, identifying himself with everything which promised good to individuals or to the State. As a Christian and member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was exemplary in his profession. A large circle of warm friends, among the merchants of Baltimore, will regret to hear of his death.—Balt. Pat.

The St. Louis Republican of Saturday says: "A despatch from Independence speaks of a personal rencontre at Westport, between Gov. Reeder and Mr. Stringfellow, in which the former got the worst of the battle. It does not appear which of the Stringfellow was concerned in this affair." Later intelligence assures us that the statement is not believed in Independence.

The following is the account given of it by the correspondent of the Republican.
Yesterday morning Gen. B. F. Stringfellow, of Weston Mo., proceeded to Reeder's residence, near the Shawnee Mission, and after introducing himself to the Governor, said: "I understand, sir, that you have publicly spoken and written of me in the East as a frontier ruffian, and I have called to ascertain whether you have done so!"

Gov. R. "I did not so write, or speak of you in public."
Gen. S. "Did you speak of me in those terms anywhere or at any time?"
Gov. R. "No sir."
Gen. S. "Did you use my name at all?"
Gov. R. "I may have used your name in private conversation."
Gen. S. "Did you use it disrespectfully? Did you intimate, or insinuate, that I was other than a gentleman?"
Gov. R. "I might have done so."
Gen. S. "Then sir, you uttered a falsehood, and I demand of you the satisfaction of a gentleman. I very much question your right to that privilege for I do not believe you to be a gentleman; but I nevertheless give you the opportunity to vindicate your title to that character, by allowing you to select such friends as you may please, and I will do the same, and we will step out here and settle the matter as gentlemen usually do."

Gov. R. "I cannot go. I am so fighting man."
Gen. S. "Then I will have to treat you as I would any other offensive animal."
And with that, he knocked Reeder down with his fist, I suppose the Abolitionists will pronounce this a "ruffianly attack." Let one of them do so, and then dare to show his face in Kansas! They will not say so, however, but pronounce it a proper punishment, when they hear that as soon as Reeder returned he expresses himself satisfied that Kansas would be a slave State; and that he was in favor of that institution. I learn it for a fact, and I learn it from a gentleman who heard him, that he so expressed himself on the steamer coming up the river, and also after he had landed.

FIVE PERSONS DROWNED.—Shocking Occurrence at a Mormon Baptism.—About half past 5 o'clock yesterday morning—says the Cincinnati Daily Times, July 23—a party of Mormons, numbering probably about fifty, under the direction of Elder H. Greenholy, crossed the river by Capt. Air's Ferry, for the purpose of administering baptism to some eight or ten converts. They proceeded up the river bank to the foot of East Row, where the converts, composed of both males and females, were prepared for baptism. This preparation was indecent, to say the least—Both men and women were required to strip to their linen, and in the midst of the crowd, and upon the river bank.

The Elder led an old man, aged about fifty years, by the name of Alexander Williams, who resided near the corner of Western row and Front street, into the water, and baptized him according to the ceremonies of the faith. After this, the old man, who was a good swimmer, struck out into the river, for the purpose, it is said, of taking a swim. It is supposed that his drawers slipped down over his feet, destroying his motion, caused him to sink. His son, also, named Alexander, aged about 23 years, and who was stripped for baptism, seeing his father sinking, plunged in after him. He could not swim at all, and getting into deep water, immediately sank, and drowned before his father.

Dredging hooks were obtained as soon as possible, and in about an hour's time both bodies were recovered. Coroner Foster, of Campbell county, held an inquest over the bodies, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning. The bodies were delivered over to a son and brother, who were present at the holding of the inquest.

In addition to this, the Times informs us that two Germans were drowned, on the previous day, in a creek near Cincinnati, and an American boatman, named Marcus Long, in the Ohio, on the 1st instant.